

A floating flower

Ursula Hurley

'some things we don't need to navigate'

Not a lily on the Nile
but an Iris on the Mersey.

Grey metal.
Brown water.

A cathedral conjured
by the alchemy of mist and deep: we
cannot see the roof but we know it is a dull
orange sky, reflecting the blaze of Gomorrah. Vapour

hides the joists and in the dark choppy nave streetlight
votives glimmer. Floating pews are filled
with the faithful. Those
who believe

In

Rhythm
Engine
Lapped prow
Fizzing wake

In

Cold
Clarity
Resonance
Reverence

This is our litany
You shall know us by the leaves at our brows

Out in the flow
 the hawsers of history loosen. Knots
 slip, reality
 waves a white flag on the far shore. Below

decks the shaman trance
 begins; we are transported. Time
 wavers, a monolith
 made pliable:

this could *be*, free
 of ground and archaeology,
 the reasons why not have no
 substance (do
 not think of docking and the jolt
 of gangway on concrete). Drink

canned lager. Breathe
 oil and salt and smoke. Feel
 the silence which beats through your ribcage. Gaze
 at the river's quivering sodium skin. Share
 a look that cannot frame

disguise. Old circuits
 reconnected feel the
 Power.